



VOL. 6.

APRIL, 1857.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.



For The Child's Paper.

THE WHITE SWAN.

"Why live here for ever?" said a white swan, floating discontentedly in the heaven-lit waters; "don't I know this lake by heart? When shall I perch on the highest crag, or sweep over the cataracts, like other birds?"

"Better stay in a station you can fill gracefully, than covet places where your awkwardness will make you ridiculous," said an old swan.

"Can't I go where others go?" cried the young swan.

"Talents differ," answered the old swan; "your long neck and web-feet show that water is your proper element. Happy is he who knows where to use his capacities."

"Wa'n't I born on the land?" hissed the young one, in a heat; "what have I wings for?"

"Occasion finds uses for them," returned the old swan, mildly; "it is folly to fly into danger in order to find them."

The young swan made a great splash in the water, and then complained that the heavens had left it.

"Discontent muddies the clearest spring," said the old swan, and sailed away.

The young one then hopped on the bank, spread her wings, and dove out boldly into the air.

"What fowl is that stretching its long neck so stupidly forward?" cried the other birds, as the swan heavily rose from the bosom of the happy valley to the great world beyond.

On, on she swept over plain and forest; and as she comes, an eagle marks her for his prey. Long on the topmost bough has he watched for his morning meal. His bright, stern eye looked over the vast expanse. His quick ear hears even the lightest tread of fawns beneath. Teals and wigeons flit to and fro; wild ducks wheel around; but the trumpet-note of the swan, exulting in its flight, sounds in the distance. The eagle suddenly shakes his feathers and whets his bill. With a terrible scream he starts from his perch, and like a flash of lightning strikes on the track of the luckless swan. She mounts and doubles, and Oh how gladly would betake herself to her native element, and plunge into the stream below. That the eagle knows full

well, and he makes her remain in the air by threatening to strike her with his talons from beneath. Her strength fails; again she tries to escape, when her ferocious enemy strikes her wing, and forces her to fall upon the nearest shore. Down he tramples her with his cruel claws. His wife, perched on a crag, watches the bloody fray. At a scream from her mate, she sails to the spot, and together they despatch their fluttering, dying prey, drinking its blood, and greedily devouring its flesh with a savage delight.

Poor white swan! Flights of discontent often put us in the power of our enemies.

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

I have just moved to a new place in Ohio, where they had never seen The Child's Paper. "What will I do for my paper?" said Sarah. "Mother can take ten herself," said little Samuel. But I thought I could do better still; so I went to the school, where were forty bright faces. I showed them some of the back numbers, and when I called again they very pleasantly brought me two dollars, which I send. H. G.

A father at the west is thankful for The Child's Paper in his family and neighborhood, and wishes to caution all parents against bad books and papers, which, though sometimes with fair titles, reject the Bible and heaven and hell, and tell of "spirit rappings" and "mediums" instead of Christ and salvation by him alone. J. M.

A pastor of the Reformed Dutch church says, "It has secured many friends among my young people, and no consideration could induce me to part with it."

Little Tommy and his sister, in Canada, brought The Child's Paper every month to their mother, who read it "right through" to them, and enjoyed it as much as they; but in October God called little Tommy, we trust, to himself, and now she and the little sister read it alone, and talk of Tommy.

A little boy in the province of New Brunswick, who received sixpence for learning his letters, gave it to a poor widow. This so pleased his father, that he gave him a dollar instead, one half of which Johnny gave to supply himself and other children with The Child's Paper. H. G. T.

"No leaf moves but God wills it." So the Scriptures declare that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of our heavenly Father, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered.

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress, who would do better to drop a sixpence.

For The Child's Paper.

THE MOTHER OF GOOD LUCK.

"I don't want to stay there. I don't do any thing but go errands, and be at every body's beck and call. I a'n't learning any thing."

Ephraim, a fatherless boy, had gone into a store, and after being there a few months this was the complaint he made nearly every day to his mother. One day his uncle John heard him.

"You think you are fit for something higher then," he said to the boy. "Yes, sir," answered Ephraim. "I don't want to be doing errands all the time." "But doing errands *well* is the only real step to promotion in Mr. Barrows' store. When you have *earned* promotion by doing that branch of his business, you will rise there, and not till then."

"Pretty small business," muttered the boy with a discontented pucker on his forehead. "I don't care how I do it."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said uncle John, "for he only that is faithful in little things can be expected to be faithful in greater things. If you do not do your present work well, Mr. Barrows will have no reason to suppose you will do any thing else better. Boys must earn promotion, to have it. I will tell you a story. Ephraim liked uncle John's stories, though he sometimes wanted to quarrel with their moral. However, he looked up, as much as to say, "Please go on, sir;" and uncle John went on.

"A young man once went into business in Brooklyn with pretty fair prospects. The new firm, however, did not go ahead. It failed, I think. G—— then came back to Boston with bare pockets, in quest of employment. He met his old Sabbath-school teacher in the street, stated his case, and asked him if he knew of any opening. 'Not just now,' answered the gentleman; 'but if you don't want to be idle, and are willing to work, I should like your services in our soup-house; the pay won't be much, but you can be very useful.'"

"A soup-house," cried Ephraim, proudly, "after being in a firm! I hope he did n't stoop so."

A soup-house, as some of the children may not know, is a great kitchen where soup is made by bucketsful, and served out to the poor in large cities during winters, when food is dear and work is scarce.

"Let us see how G—— viewed the matter," said uncle John. "'Yes, sir, I'll go,' was his answer, for G—— was a pious young man, and thought no situation beneath him where he could minister to the comfort of others. He went into the soup-house, dealt out the tickets, and the soup too for aught I know; kept the books, and in a word, managed the business the best he could. When the gentlemen who were interested in the soup-house met to see what good it had done, they were very much surprised and pleased with the manner in which the accounts were kept. 'Why, who have you here?' they asked. One of them was the keeper of a large hotel. 'I must have that young man,' he said, 'to manage *my* concerns.' He found out G——, and offered him a handsome salary to become the head clerk of his establishment. G—— earned the promotion, you see. He went; but he had not been in the hotel many months before one of the boarders, the cashier of a bank, said to the hotel-keeper, 'That clerk of yours is a noble fellow; how well he conducts your business.' And it was not long before the cashier offered him a better situation in the bank. G—— went. In the course of time the cashier resigned, and the directors said, 'We can't do better than put G—— in;' and so he was promoted to that office. And he made as good a cashier as he did a clerk. This gentleman is not cashier now, but he fills one of the most responsible posts in the country, and has a character shining with integrity and Christian worth. He did not despise lowly places, Ephraim."

"But he had what I call luck, good luck," exclaimed Ephraim.

"And that was because he courted the mother," said uncle John. "*Diligence* is the mother of good luck; mind that, boy."

H. C. K.



For The Child's Paper.

THE BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

There was a beautiful honeysuckle vine climbing around the front door of the house in which Emma lived, and in June it was covered with lovely blossoms that filled the air with fragrance. Early in May, as Emma stood by the door, she heard a little twittering noise, and looking up, she saw a pair of bright little eyes glancing out from among the leaves; then she saw a bit of something blue, and finally a bluebird flew out from the bush, and alighting on the lilac-tree, sang a few tremulous notes. Some days later, Emma saw straws among the honeysuckle leaves, and her mother told her some bird was building a nest there, and that she must be very quiet, or she would frighten it away. So though Emma looked at the nest very often, she was still, and scarcely breathed when she went near it, lest the bird should fly away. She wished the little birdie knew how kindly she felt towards it, and then he would not fly so quick, but let her talk to him and feed him.

At length two birds appeared, and flitted in and out of the honeysuckle bush. Beautiful creatures they were, with their round, merry little eyes, and their soft, glancing wings of a shining blue. All through the pleasant spring days they worked patiently, bringing one by one threads and hairs, and bits of straw and moss to their little home in the vine. When evening came they would sing very sweetly among the trees near by, as if to say, "We have done a good day's work to-day; our little house is getting on nicely, and we shall have such a beautiful home of our own—Oh, such a beautiful home!"

At last the nest was finished, and that night a burst of soft sweet melody went up from the bluebird's throat, as he balanced himself on a swinging elm bough near by.

By standing on a chair on tiptoe, Emma could look into the nest and see how round and snug it was, and how soft a lining it had. Then came a new wonder, a little egg. How pretty it was. Emma talked a great deal about it, and asked a thousand questions which no one could answer, for no one could tell how a bird could come out of such a tiny egg. The wisest person only knew that it was because God had made it so. Emma one day found four eggs at the bottom of the nest, lying so prettily on the soft lining; she wanted to kiss them. Then came whole days when the mother bird sat on the nest from morning till night, with her bright eyes wide open to see if danger was near. But no one would have injured the mother bird or her pretty eggs for any thing—no one in the family; but just at this time Emma's cousins, Lewis and John, came to make their aunt a visit. They were very noisy, rude boys, and Emma could not be sorry when the day for their

departure came. On that very morning John discovered the bluebird's nest, and clambering up to it, he frightened away the bird, and stole the eggs. It was a cruel deed. In one moment the hand of that rash boy had destroyed the labor of long weeks of patient toil, and all the hopes and joys of that happy little home. The beautiful little birds never came to sing another sweet song to Emma, and for months she could not think of them without a gush of bitter tears over the sorrows of the poor little bereaved things that had been once so bright and joyful in the honeysuckle vine.

D.

For The Child's Paper.

MOUNT ARARAT.

"I should like to climb up mount Ararat, where my great, great, great-grandfather Noah stood and saw the earth looking so clean, just washed by the flood."

You would have hard work of it, my boy. Mount Ararat rises like a giant from a point where three great empires meet, Russia, Persia, and Turkey. It has three peaks. One, three thousand feet above the other, is called the Silver Crest, because it is covered with eternal snows. I do not think it was this which the ark rested on. In a valley on the north side of the mountain there was once a village, and higher up among the cliffs an old monastery. About fifteen years ago Ararat was shaken by a terrible earthquake, when thundering down from its lofty heights came huge masses of snow and ice and rocks, sweeping away the monastery, and swallowing up all traces of the little village.

The people around say nobody can climb the Silver Crest. Bold travellers from time to time have tried to do it; but it is quite doubtful whether any have succeeded until some Englishmen performed the feat last year.

They started from a little village ten miles from Ararat on horseback, armed with stout poles, hooked at one end and pointed with iron at the other. After crossing a plain, they began to climb up a valley, between great masses of volcanic rock. After three hours' travel, picking their way among the jagged stones, they came to a green strip of pasture land, dotted with tents of black goat's hair. A small tribe of Koordish shepherds lived there. The chief was glad to see the strangers. He roasted a fat sheep for them, and asked them to spend the night among his people.

Here some of the party gave out. The mighty sugar-loaf of ice, rising to the very clouds, looked hard enough to scale. Three determined to go on. One of these, Major Stuart, toiled up the icy slope for three hours, when his strength gave out; he sat down on the frozen crust, and slid down in a few minutes what cost the labor of a forenoon to climb up. A famous slide that! The Koordish chief, who stood watching the travellers from below, was not at all surprised to see him. "They will all give up soon," he said.

But no; up they went, higher and higher, higher and higher, Major Stuart watching them with his spy-glass, and the more experienced eye of the Koord following all their movements. At last, eleven hours after starting, they reached the bleak top of Ararat, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea.

"God is great!" exclaimed the Koord. "What wonderful people these English are. A few of them come here, and without any difficulty walk to the top of that holy mountain, a thing that was never done by man before. Wonderful, wonderful!"

But Major Stuart was not to be outdone. He and another gentleman set out again; two Koords went with them, carrying rugs, great-coats, and something to eat. The Koords would not go far; they were afraid to. They said the Almighty forbade people to go up the holy mountain; so they went back. The travellers passed a night on the route; they nestled in among the rocks, and covered themselves up with the rugs, and went to sleep in spite of the howling winds rattling among the ice and snow. They arose early, and set out before dawn. Oh what a sunrise did they behold!

At nine o'clock they stuck a sword up to its hilt in the highest snow of Silver Crest.

I do not believe the little dove which brought the olive-branch to Noah flew up quite as high as this. Do you?

For The Child's Paper.

WHY NOT?

A youthful minister, now a missionary, was once, at the close of a funeral service, sitting beside a young lady who was apparently altogether careless in her sins. He inquired of the stranger if she were a Christian. She answered, "No, I am not." With solemn interest in her salvation, he again asked, "Why not?"

That question was the arrow of conviction to her heart. "A still small voice" in her thoughtful moments repeated with startling earnestness, "Why not?" She had thought that there might be reasons for her becoming a Christian; what reasons there were for her continuing *impenitent*, she had never considered. She gave herself a "living sacrifice" to her Saviour, and is now telling in a foreign clime the story of his dying love.

Oh, is there not a serious responsibility upon young Christians to improve these opportunities of doing good to their companions, associates, and friends who are out of the ark of safety?

Were they faithful in *little things* to their Redeemer and Lord, how many stars might they add to his glorious crown.

P. C. H.

For The Child's Paper.

"OUR LITTLE GIRLS."

What about them? Our little girls, that is, some of those who belong to our Sabbath-school, have a sewing society. It is called the "Juvenile Missionary Society." They meet in the afternoon about once a fortnight, except during the very hot summer weather, to sew. Between thirty and forty belong to the society; but all this number do not meet every time. The meeting is opened by each one repeating a verse of the Scriptures, when a prayer is offered by one of the older members, or some friend who may be present. Then the sewing begins, and something interesting is read while little fingers are busy hemming, felling, knitting, cutting out, and basting.

Do they accomplish much? Last year this little society raised thirty dollars for foreign missions, for the children bring in some pennies at every meeting; and in three years they made a barrel full of clothing to send to some dear missionary family at the west. What a pile of things did their industry heap up! We went to see them before the packing began. It was well worth seeing.

And all this work was sliced out of Wednesday afternoons. I am sure no child felt sorry to give up so much of play-day. Play has its uses, but play could not have been heaped up in such a notable pile as this. Here was labor—patient, painstaking work. And I am sure the children saw its worth, and were glad for it. Oh, how those aprons and dresses and quilts will comfort the heart of some poor tired missionary mother.

Cannot children do something?

For The Child's Paper.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

How much we should like to know about the childhood of the Son of God. Did he play and work like other boys? The Bible tells us but a few things about him. Why it does not tell us more, I do not know. It tells us that he "increased in wisdom." When he was twelve years old, he went to Jerusalem with his parents. On their journey home, they missed the boy. Where was he? Nobody had seen him. They hurried back to the city, and found him in the temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions; and all that

heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers." He was never idle, never inattentive, never heedless; his whole mind and heart were open to receive instruction, and to impart it to others. How glad his parents were to find him, and among such wise and good people too. "Son, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," said his mother. Did you not know, he said, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He was the Son of God, and God had sent him to this world to seek and to save them that were lost.

Jesus went home to Nazareth with his parents. And what was his conduct towards them? This is another thing the Bible tells us of his childhood: "He was subject to them." He honored his parents. He was always obedient, always affectionate; he never spoke a cross word, was never unkind, never forgetful. He loved his Father in heaven, and loved the work which he gave him to do. He was a heavenly boy.

Do you not suppose the boys of Nazareth loved him dearly? But bad boys do not always love the good. They hate those whose spotless example reproves their wickedness.

The Son of God became a child, that you may know how dear children are to him. He had a home just like you; he fulfilled all the duties of a child; he ate, and studied, and worked, and helped just like you. He remembers his childhood, and can feel for you. Whenever you think how you ought to behave, think of the heavenly boy that once lived in Nazareth, and how the Son of God, who became the son of man to save a wretched world, has set childhood a lovely pattern of early piety.



Ah, what is going on here? The farmer is making his sugar. It is about sugar-time now in Vermont. People at the south have their sugarcane. In some parts of the north the sugar barrel is the tall and stately maple-tree, of that species called the rock maple.

All winter the sap sleeps at the root of the trees, down in the warm earth. In the spring it rises up in the trunk, to go and cover the branches with fresh green leaves. While on its way, the farmers come out in the grove, bore holes in the trees about two feet from the ground, and put in little tin or wooden spouts. The sap stops at the hole, and instead of climbing higher, runs down the spout into a pail or trough set to receive it. One tree will give five or six pailsful of sap, which makes three or four pounds of sugar.

The sap is very sweet and pleasant to drink. It is boiled down in great kettles, as you see. First it becomes syrup, then molasses, then candy, then it grains into sugar. The children think it grand fun to be out in the woods now. They like to dip in their ladles and taste, and at the right time dip out ladles full, and pour it on the snow to cool. What nice candy it makes! Vermont is a great sugar-making state. A year or two ago, it ranked next to Louisiana in the quantity it made.

The key of the day and the lock of the night is prayer.

For The Child's Paper.

GIVING UP A BAD BUSINESS.

When Montgomery the poet was a young man, he edited a newspaper. The person whose business he bought out sold lottery tickets, and Montgomery naturally fell into the same track. One large prize having been drawn at the office, it had the name of the "lucky office," and a great many came to buy there. All wanted to "try their luck also," and all expected to draw a prize. Those who came were generally, he found, of the poorer class, who brought their precious bits of gold and silver, birthday or wedding gifts, money saved from their children's thrift-pots, or money laid up against a rainy day.

"Yes," said the young man, "they come to buy hope, and I sell them disappointment." As this thought flashed on his mind, he saw what a miserable business it was; for it was long before the public mind saw its wickedness. And what did he do? "I will give it up," he said; and he never sold another ticket afterwards.

But lottery advertisements still appeared in his paper. They paid well, and he was struggling to get along. Then conscience asked this question: "While you have cut off the left hand of a profitable sin, are you not taking the wages of sin with your right?" It was a very troublesome question. At first he did not quite like to look it in the face. While he was thus disturbed, a friend came to him and said, "Give up your lottery advertising, and let us attack the accursed system in your paper."

"The advice," he says, "was hard to a person in my situation; conscience and money had a sharp fight, but the battle was not a drawn one. I never allowed another lottery advertisement in my columns." And his paper was one of the first in England to expose the real nature of lotteries, which is only gambling on a large scale. Was he ever sorry for it? "Never did I for one moment repent the sacrifice," he tells us.

BETHLEHEM.

Should you not like to visit Bethlehem, where Jesus was born?

Bethlehem is on a steep hill, and a road of chalk leads up to the gate. A traveller who visited there; said he found the streets narrow, dark, and dirty. He lodged in a convent kept by Spanish monks. He was shown into a large room with carpets and cushions on the floor; there he was to sleep. He was led up to the roof of the house to see the prospect. He looked and saw the fields where the shepherds once watched their flocks by night.

But the monks showed him a more curious sight. They took him into their church, and then down some narrow stone steps into a round room beneath. "Here," they said, "Jesus was born." The floor was of white marble, and silver lamps were burning in it. In one corner, close to the wall, was a marble trough, lined with blue satin. "There," said the monks, "is the manger where Jesus was laid."

"Ah," thought the traveller, "it was not in such a manger that my Saviour rested his infant head, but in a far meaner place."

These monks have an image of a baby, which they call Jesus. On Christmas-day they dress it in swaddling-clothes, and lay it in the manger, and then fall down and worship it.

Is that the way to serve and honor the Lord Jesus?

GOOD.

In Dr. Kane's brig, which sailed to the Northern seas in search of Sir John Franklin, only three rules were adopted on shipboard. What were they? 1. Strict obedience to the officer in command. 2. No drinking of intoxicating liquors, except when ordered as a medicine by the doctor. 3. No profane swearing. If all ships would adopt these rules, there would be better officers, better sailors, and greater safety to life and property.



For The Child's Paper.

THE HINDOO MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Mrs. Mason, on her return voyage from the United States to join the mission at Toungoo, Burmah, on approaching Calcutta, off Saugor Island, the shrine of Gunga, goddess of the Ganges, and of heathen cruelty, kindly wrote the following for the readers of The Child's Paper.—Ems.

DEAR CHILDREN—We are just now off Saugor, the bloody Saugor, the island-shrine of the Ganges, where thousands upon thousands of infants have been sacrificed to the divinity of the river. The English long ago abolished this cruel rite; but I am told that even now scores are annually offered in secret during the grand January festival. While I write, I see several dead infants floating in the waters near the head of the island, a spot peculiarly sacred to the goddess, as here two branches of the Ganges unite. The captain tells me that he once found the body of one of these poor mothers standing upright under his bowsprit, her feet having become entangled in some way with the cable. Upon each shoulder was lashed a little infant, just as if she was bearing them upon her bosom. I can conceive of none but a mother who would place her babes in that position, and it is probable that, being compelled, either by her own superstition or her husband's cruelty, to see her little ones perish, she chose to die with them. It is said by some that these women have no maternal love, but I don't believe any such thing; and I couldn't help jotting down a few verses about it as I looked upon the mothers who stood along the beach of Saugor, which I send you.

THE HINDOO MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER THE GANGES.

Roll, Gunga, roll, thou mighty flood,
On to the heaving ocean;
Tears, tears and blood, are mingling here,
To quell thy wild commotion.

Oh, Gunga, Gunga, dost thou claim
So many hearts of anguish?
Behold the mothers o'er thy brink,
See how they mourn and languish.

My babe, my babe is on thy breast;
I hear its moaning ever:
I turn, and turn, but find no rest;
I clasp it never—never.

Dear, precious one, dear helpless one,
I see thy pleading eye,
Thy little hand, thy bleeding hand—
Oh, let me, let me die.

Fierce, bloody goddess, turn away,
I hate thy very smile;
My Guru too, I hate his voice,
With all his Siva guile.

Great Christian God, the merciful,
I come, I come to thee;
Oh, if thou art, hear, hear, I pray,
A Hindoo mother's plea.

Of Saugor, Nov., 1856.

Ellen H. B. Mason.

For The Child's Paper.

CAN IT BE HID?

A few years ago, a rich citizen of — left home one Friday morning to attend to his usual business. He did not come home to dinner; he did not come back to supper, and nothing was heard from him all day. As he was an old man, and very punctual in his habits, his long stay frightened the family. "Where is father?" asks

his sick daughter, hearkening for his well-known step. Night passed away, and yet he did not come. His friends became very anxious, and sent word to the chief of the police of his sudden disappearance. Handbills were posted up at every corner, and a reward of three thousand dollars was offered for him. In the search that was made, he was tracked from street to street by those who had seen him, to a Medical college where he had agreed to meet one of the professors who owed him a debt, and who promised to pay it on that day. "Yes," said the professor, on being asked about the matter, "Dr. — came to my room; I paid him four hundred and eighty dollars; he took it and left." After that no traces of him could be found.

Where was he? Did he ever leave the college? But in broad daylight, in the bosom of a Christian city, in a building which his money helped to build, what harm could befall a peaceable citizen? One fact was certain, that he was missing; and the law, which is bound to protect its subjects, was now demanding him, whether alive or dead. The law took its stand at the college door. "That man entered here," it seemed to say, "and here he never came out."

The rooms were all searched from top to bottom, but nothing was found. A week passed away, and no clue to his fate was discovered. Is the law baffled? Can a man be murdered in broad daylight, and the crime be hid? No, no.

In one corner of the college is a laboratory, which is a room used for chemical experiments. The professor had charge of that room. He is a gentleman of education and pleasant manners, and it was to that room Dr. — went to receive his money. But did he ever leave it? A terrible thought creeps into the mind of the porter of the college. He thinks there is some strange work going on in that laboratory. The doors are kept locked. Fires are kept burning there day and night. His usual services are not wanted. No one has been let in but the officers who came to search the building. What did all this mean? There was one spot on the college premises not searched into, a deep vault under the laboratory, which could only be entered by making a hole through the cellar wall. This the porter was determined to do. He borrowed tools, and went to work. A hole was made. Putting in his lamp, what did the dark pit disclose? A great part of the body of a man.

A murder had been committed. But who could be the murderer? Somebody did it. The chief of the police was immediately informed of this discovery. And what did he do? He directly sent two officers to arrest the professor. It was Friday evening, just one week after the murder. He was at home with his wife and children. The officers asked him to step into a carriage and go with them. They drove to the jail. "What does this mean?" he asked. "You are my prisoner," said the law; "I charge you with the murder of Dr. —." The wretched man wrung his hands, crying out, "Oh, my children, my poor children!" There was no return to his pleasant home. Friends, money, nothing could snatch him from the grasp of the law; it laid its iron hand upon him, and locked him into a prisoner's cell.

And now how dumb things began to speak, and swift witnesses rose up against him. Stricter search was made in the laboratory. A sharp, bloody knife was found. The ashes of the furnace gave up its secret. And thus dumb witnesses spoke as with tongues, pointing to the professor, and saying, "Thou art the man." The law found him guilty, and condemned him to death.

Crime always points to a criminal; sin always points to a sinner; and there is no escaping from that law of God and man which surely tracks a crime to the criminal himself. Nothing can screen you from its search. For a whole week this professor filled the duties of his office, walked about the cheerful streets, went home to his happy fire-side—Could any body suspect him of murder? Perhaps he thought no one could. No human eye saw him do it; no human tongue could testify against him. But other witnesses whisper the terrible secret. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

HOW THE BIRDS ARE TREATED IN JAPAN.

Very kindly. They are never killed for sport, and little troughs are scooped out in the tombstones, which the priests fill every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships, a number of officers started one day to go gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel murder of their birds, they went to the commodore, and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was, that the birds should always be protected.

Take care of the birds. That is what the farmers say we must do in this country. Unless we do, good-by to fruit, for the insects will get the upper hand of us, and eat it up. Let the birdies live, and they will not only cheer us by their beauty and their songs, but destroy the insects and preserve our fruit.

GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

A missionary in the West Indies having called on the colored people for a little help in spreading the gospel, a negro with a wooden leg came forward, and putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, "That's for me, massa;" and another parcel from another pocket, "That's for my wife, massa;" and another still, in all thirteen dollars, "That's for my child, massa." When asked if he were not giving too much, he said, "God's work must be done, massa, and I may be dead."

Boys, girls, and all the grown up people, let us do and let us give what we can, for "God's work must be done, and we may be dead."

"I want the spirit that will look temptation in the face, and say, 'Begone,'" said a boy to his sister.

"And one thing more; you want God's spectacles to know temptation when he comes," answered his sister, "for he don't always show 'his colors.'"

Do not squander time, for time is the stuff life is made of.

"Repentance is to leave
The sins we've loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

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